



# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, PUBLISHERS, 342 BROADWAY--TERMS, TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE; SINGLE COPIES, FIVE CENTS.

VOL. V.—NO. 7.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 215.

## The Principles of Nature.

Original.

### CAN SPIRITS ACT UPON MATTER?

To all who believe that men live after the event in their lives called death or dissolution, or *the dissolving*, in a spiritual instead of a material body, there can be only one answer to this question. For all such recognize such spiritual action manifested in the material in every motion, every phenomenon, in the outward world. Such know that it is the Spirit that carries about upon its shoulders of power the "house of clay" it at present dwells in, as the snail carries about its shelly domicile. This very day have I not seen a veritable Spirit carrying up upon its shoulders not only some hundred weight or two of flesh and bones and blood, but beside all that as much more of solid brick or mortar, as well as a by no means ethereal *hod*? This veritable miracle did I see with my own eyes, going up quite in a contrary direction to mere "force of gravity" or other known physical forces, up that steep ladder some good hundred feet or more into the air. Several forces seemed to be in action in this miracle. "Force of gravity," acting upon that mass, could by no means solve the problem. Quite otherwise. Force of will, a property not by any means abstract, but existing in a substantial subject which we agree to call a *person* who was not only the miraculous, invisible *hod*-carrier, but also the quite heavy body-carrier—force of will, quite a spiritual reality, is carrying up that solid matter in spite of gravity into the air! The veriest skeptic or denier can not dispute this fact. I stand here an invisible Spirit, lifting up and carrying about with me by *my spiritual force* this carcase or shell of gravitating stuff, say one hundred and fifty good pounds avoirdupois. I will to jump, and I, this spiritual reality, this hidden spirit, by mere will-power, at a thought carry this body some six or eight feet instantly through the air! Suppose I had shaken off this heavy load from my shoulders, and willed to jump with my Spirit body having no gravity but like the ether, to jump, say, to London. Here is the problem. If this will-power can in an instant carry one hundred and fifty pounds avoirdupois six feet, how long would that same amount of force be in carrying a body that weighs absolutely nothing from Washington to London. Little school-boys may solve this at their leisure.

But this is beside my first question, Can Spirits act upon matter? For all but blinded materialism sees evidence of no other action. Is not the whole magnificent universe one miraculous "spiritual manifestation" to one who has eyes to see? From the revolutions of galaxies around their central sun, down to the motions of atoms in obeying invisible attractions and repulsions, all is but the beautiful order or *kosmos*

which expresses and makes to *appear* the will of an infinite wisdom proceeding from a purpose of infinite love. Love is thus the fountain of all force and activity in the macrocosm of nature or the microcosm of man's life. All actions proceed and flow forth from some attraction or appetite or affection, which are all mere forms of love. All Spiritualists therefore, in contradistinction to all materialists, admit that spirit can and does act upon matter, meaning by matter that form of substance which has or appears to have weight. God, the Divine Man, "who is a Spirit," causes quite evident motion of matter, as earths roll along urged by His magic will some thousands of miles each hour. So too man, the child and receptacle of this Divine Power, by his magic will keeps many a table and hammer and other ponderable matter in quite visible dance.

But can Spirits move matter otherwise than by gradual descent from plane to plane by regular correspondence? That is, can a Spirit out of its material organization or house of organs, of tools, move tables, ring bells, play upon musical instruments, write with material pens, carry ponderable objects, etc., etc.?

Now they either can do these things or they can not; in other words, it is a fact that these things *are* done, or a fact that they are *not* done.

What, now, is the safest, surest road to find out whether a certain thing *did* or *did not* occur? Some say logic is the only safe road to facts; if the said fact squares with our *theory*, it is rational; if it don't square with our *theory*, our *interpretation* of some book, why then it *can't* be a fact.

Shut tight your own seeing organs that God, or more probably the devil, provided you with; then clap on over the closed lids our logic spectacles, and you can safely and surely tell whether a certain event did or did not occur! whether one born blind was made to see by means of a little spittle and clay, in a certain place in Palestine, some eighteen centuries ago! Clearly not, says Hume, looking intently through his logic spectacles. Whether certain persons were suddenly cured of long standing diseases ever, by mere contact with certain handkerchiefs or aprons? Medical science smiles "serenely cold" through her dark glasses of logical reason at the silly superstition, though she sees with her open eyes quite terrible *disease* conveyed by similar means, and which she utterly fails in detecting with all the microscopes and test tubes in her laboratory. In the light of common sense, what is the safest road to facts? logic or eyes? spectacles or seeing-organs, inner and outer? Which is safest to trust to in discovering truth, *logic* or *testimony*?

Is there a supposable thing that logic can not prove and disprove? Those who have waded through the history of philosophy can testify to this fact. Every system is proved until its opposite is afterward established with equal logical certainty. Atheism and Theism, Spiritualism and Materialism, Freedom and Necessity, all Positives and their Negatives, are all equally demonstrated by good substantial logical reasons. Any one who is familiar with the celebrated Antimonies of Kant, or the

Parmenides of Plato, will understand me.\* How exceedingly illogical that Dr. Webster should have murdered Dr. Parkman, and have disposed of the dead body as is alleged by the so-called witnesses! Look at it in the clear light of our logic. Murder is utterly impossible. Is not God infinitely good? Does he not know how to accomplish his purposes of love in the existence of Dr. Webster? has he not power to accomplish his purposes in regard to him? Did he then will that deadly hate in the Dr.'s heart, and the infernal results of that hate? How impossible to all clear logical spectacles is any such absurdity! No, sir! it is some delusion of your senses. Murder can not be a fact in the universe of an infinite God. Your witnesses must either be impostors to pretend that they have seen any such clear impossibility and absurd blasphemy, or they are deluded.

Can Spirits move tables? Which shall we trust, our open honest eyes, that love the truth, that God gave us to *see* with, or our logical spectacles, man made, put on over the closed eye-lids, and which even then don't look *toward* the so-called *fact*, but quite away at a little more than at right angles with the object to be scanned? (See Buchanan's Anthropology for the curious relative positions of Prejudice and Perception in the Human Head.) In sober earnest, in the light of common sense and of all past bitter experience, which have you most faith in as a witness or discoverer of facts, logical demonstrations or your eyes, of body and *mind*? For the soul too, has eyes, and the body *only from* the inner and inmost seeing faculty of the soul. Is *a-priori* logic worth a straw unless afterward authenticated by *a-posteriori* facts? Has not the whole career of science, from the days of Galileo to this moment, been a series of battles and victories of sight and simple perception over logic.

What is logic but the art of making that more or less probable or improbable which one glance of a good *seeing faculty*

\* Here are the four Antimonies, stated as thesis and antithesis, both of which can be logically demonstrated to be necessary, though they are contradictory:

1. That the world has a beginning in time, and is limited in space; or, on the contrary, That it existed from all eternity, and is without limit.
2. That every compound substance consists of, and is therefore decomposable into, simple parts; or That no compound substance consists of simple parts.
3. That the world is mechanically determined by an external, physical causality; or That it is determined by a *free* causality.
4. That the world is accidental—that either in or beyond the world there is no necessary being; or, That in or beyond the world there exists a necessary being.

For the logical proof that both these contradictory positions are necessarily true, see "Kant's Critique on Pure Reason," Bohn's ed. pp. 266-290. Also "Philosophy of Nature," by Stallo, pp. 205-208, where occurs the following: "Reason may sustain, not with equal plausibility alone, but with equal justice, that the world is *limited* or that it is *unlimited*—atomistically composed a simple and homogeneous—self-action or mechanically impelled—accidental or necessary."

\* Let the man swoon, and we shall soon see what *force* his *body* has. Gravity will pay very little respect to the brains.



would *know* to be or not to be? Shut up your eyes and deny your seeing faculties; then try to *demonstrate* that there is a sun in the skies, a God in the heavens, a soul in the bones and flesh of the body, or even that such an entity as yourself or anything else more or less important exists, and see how far you get. "*Cogito, ergo sum.*" But how do you *know* that you "*cogito*?" But open your eyes, use your common sense, and you *see* all these facts. It is unfortunately true that some men have, in some manner or other, lost their seeing faculties, and are become quite blind in the soul as well as in the body. I see no better way for such imbeciles and unfortunates than to secure some trusty man or even dog who *can* see, and by string, or skirt, or other secure way fastening on to the seer, follow painfully and slowly and with many a stumble his guiding steps, through streets all aglow with sun-light pouring down from the open heavens for all who have eyes and will use them for their honest purpose. So I should not recommend persons who *have* their natural faculties, to get the services of the surgeon to extinguish their eyes, and then to trust to any pair of empty spectacles how celebrated soever, if they wish to discover truth. If fortunately there may be seeing organs beneath the tightly-closed eyelids, and blind goggles staring idly after facts in this miracle-universe of God, as a true friend I would kindly recommend that the goggles be given away to some one with weak eyes that can not bear God's light, and the eyes be simply and honestly opened and used, and I doubt not the result will be equally astonishing and satisfactory to you. I have more faith in eyes than in all the logic-goggles I ever had the misfortune to look through, while my faith in logic as a discoverer of facts, is growing beautifully less every day.

In one word, logic is a good help to confirm and explain what you *first see* but you can by no means use it instead of your eyes with any safety or wisdom. First *see your facts*, then by your logical alembic extract the essential truth therein, being careful that *not one* of your facts that you have seen be omitted or rejected, if it be a fact.

But do not the senses sometimes delude us? Certainly. But these delusions have *their laws*. If I see something strange I rub my eyes, move my position, ask my neighbors if they see anything novel, and if so, what. If their testimony is like my own, I can admit the fact, however strange it may appear. If I alone see the phenomenon I may be deluded, and probably am. There is such a fact as psychologic delusion. One Spirit in the flesh can impress his will upon the sensation of another in the flesh, so that he, the relatively passive man, actually sees the evident turnip which he holds in his hand as a fragrant orange. For the time, he would swear that it was an orange. But if he should ask his neighbor whether he saw a turnip or an orange, his delusion would be soon exposed. While the fact is that a few persons in an audience might be thus subjected to the power of another and their senses thus deluded, it is equally a fact that the large majority of the audience could *not* be thus deluded, and thus the delusion could be corrected. It is *not a fact* that *all* in the audience can be thus deluded, and it is an observed fact that *all can not be*. When it is an observed fact that *whole audience* are thus deluded, then, *and not till then*, will it be rational or logical even to say, that it is a "Psychologic delusion that physical bodies are ever moved by Spirits." The fact, according to all the testimony, is, that *all* in the circles, numbering sometimes more than fifty, *all* perceive these physical manifestations. When I see the table move without any visible person touching it, *all* see the same fact. When I hear the bell ring when all visible hands are upon the table, *all* hear it ring. When I hear the piano played upon with exquisite skill and art, though it be closed and the medium is seen by me standing with her hand upon the rose-wood top, and it is physically impossible for any Spirit in the flesh to do these things, *all* hear and see as I do. The facts contradict your theory.

Your theory is that all physical manifestations are the effect either of imposture or psychologic delusion. Your theory says there is a discrete degree between mind and matter, and that the one can by no means act upon the other except by correspondence, as we see in the material body of man. There being no such correspondence you say, between mind and "dead matter" like tables, bells, etc., these asserted facts are impossible, and therefore the effect of mere imposture or of psychologic delusion.

Very well. Let us examine our witnesses, for what has *ever* been done *can be done* again; but if any fact is really impossible, it *never could have occurred*.

First, then, we say that several instances are recorded in the Bible where dead material objects were moved by spiritual beings. In Matthew 28:2, is this fact recorded: "The angel of the Lord descended from heaven and came and *rolled back the stone from the door, and sat upon it.*" Was this a psychologic delusion or a real fact?

In John 5:4, we find the fact recorded: "For an angel went down at a certain season into the pool, and troubled the water," (*etarrasse* to huder, "agitated," "*moved*" the water) Was this a reality or a psychologic delusion?

In Acts 12, it is related as a fact that an angel (a Spirit messenger or errand man) removed two iron chains from Peter's hands, and opened by his magic-will power an iron gate. This seems a good deal like a psychologic delusion, and Peter for some time thought it was a mere dreamy "vision." Was it so, or was it a real fact?

So far the literal sense of the Bible is directly adverse to the opinion of those who maintain that it is *impossible* for Spirits to move "dead matter." If it was possible eighteen hundred years ago, it is *equally possible now*. Testimony, then, of eye witnesses must decide whether any such facts *do occur now*. My friend, the Editor of the *N. C. Herald*, who singularly enough explains all "physical manifestations" that are now said to be witnessed, by either imposture or psychologic delusion, is opposed by the literal testimony of Swedenborg himself, in passages that have been before referred to as well as by the logical result of his philosophy, according to the opinion of most of his intelligent disciples in this country and in England. Dr. Wilkinson, Professor Bush and Rev. Mr. Barrett, are probably as competent to decide whether these "physical manifestations" are incompatible with the testimony and philosophy of Swedenborg as Mr. Hough. This should render a modest man who loves the truth, *i. e.* God, cautious in saying that his logical glasses are far more certain and infallible in discovering truth than the honest eyes and equally good logic of so many thousand equally good witnesses to these facts.

A still more sad predicament awaits my friend. "Spirits can not move physical substances, *i. e.* dead matter. All such asserted effects are due alone to imposture or psychologic delusion." This too, in spite of the Bible, of Swedenborg's testimony and of *all* who have examined the subject for any time. Listen! These mysterious raps that are made over the whole land; *sound* is a *motion of the air*; *air* is a "*dead*" physical substance; this "dead matter" is caused to vibrate by some invisible intelligent power, that claims to be the Spirit of our father or mother. What do you say, my friend, are all these *raps* the effect of imposture or of psychologic delusion? Isn't error a "hard road to travel?" It will, somehow or other, land us in such despicable quagmires. What? not one *real rap*, but the work of *imposture* or of *mental delusion*? Do you prefer to think "all the rest of mankind" but yourself either scoundrels or suddenly deranged?

Grant now, in charity, that it is a sudden universal delusion rather than a universal scoundrelism of your intelligent countrymen and countrywomen. Grant that it is a settled fact that one man nor fifty men can *possibly* tell whether what they see and hear and touch be not all the baseless fabric of a dream; you are too modest, I think, to assert that you are an exception to this universal frailty. You must admit that you are just as liable to this delusion of evil spirits as all the rest. How can you tell whether what you see be a fact or fantasy? You hear a sound or see a material body move. How can you tell whether you really see and hear and feel, or not? Be so good as to mention a STANDARD which we can use. If evil Spirits can thus delude honest men who even "approach" and look for all good things from "the Lord Jesus Christ as the only God," as you say happened to Professor Bush, Rev. Mr. Barrett and most other New Church men who have examined these asserted facts (for I don't believe you will venture to say that the *raps* are all either the effect of imposture or that they are heard by our spiritual ears being opened and not by our external hearing. That can be easily tested by a little *wool in the ear*, which would not stop the sounds if they were heard by the spirit-hearing alone)—if such delusion be a fact, what will you honestly have to say, when called upon in a court of justice to testify? You would not be able to *know* whether what

you had witnessed were facts or delusions. How much more logically probable that you have been deluded than that you saw the crime occurring in the domain of an infinite God? Unless you give us a *sure standard by which to detect these delusions*, I see nothing before us but perfect "Know-Nothingism," in preference to which sad state of uncertainty I should much prefer to go back to common sense, and let logical *a-priori* conclusions take care of themselves.

Do you think murder has ever been a fact in this mad world? Is it logically probable on *a-priori* grounds, or wholly impossible? Did you ever see a murder with your own eyes? Did you ever see or read any well authenticated testimonies of such an improbable thing? Do you *know* that you saw it, or that any others have ever seen it? Are not evil spirits probably engaged in all such reported cases? Would they not love probably to fasten the crime upon an innocent person? You or some other persons say you saw the whole affair—are you infallible? Are your senses liable or not to psychologic delusion by evil spirits? If not, then you are an exception to the "rest of mankind;" if you are, then you don't pretend to *know* that you saw the crime, but you simply say, "I am inclined to think I saw the affair, but in truth I am by no means certain." It is logically impossible, and it is certain that no man living can tell whether he is awake or asleep, sane or insane, and I do not wish to offer my mere opinion, as all the testimony is so unreliable. The fact is that nothing can be certainly known except by logic processes. I beg to be excused."

My friend thinks he is editing the *N. C. Herald*; does he *know* the fact? He might bring in the testimony of some thousand subscribers or more, who *think* they receive the paper every week; he may bring forward the bills of his printer and paper-maker; the letters from his subscribers, even the postmasters might testify to various postage moneys paid to them by said asserted subscribers. What avails it all? Do they have any other evidence of these things but their senses? Are not these senses all liable to psychologic delusion? Yes. Do you *know* that they are *not* deluded? "No, sir, I must confess that it is possible; I am not, I can not be *sure* that my senses are not deluded, and therefore I do not know, or pretend to know, any thing whatever, not even this fact of psychologic delusion; for that too, unfortunately, is highly improbable on *a-priori* grounds, and is only asserted on the evidence of our senses, whose testimony is not worth a straw. Sir, skepticism, *denial* is the only rational philosophy."

Is this a caricature? Is not the Editor of the *Herald* aware that there are far more witnesses to the fact of "physical manifestations" than he has subscribers to his paper? Are they all incompetent to testify to a fact that is supported by Scripture, testified to by Swedenborg, and no more improbable than a murder, to say the least? Are my friend and a few "old receivers of the doctrines"\* the only sane men in our community, the only good men—for it comes to this assertion at the end? To be a receiver of the heavenly doctrines, must we lose all faith in common sense? Must we even dismiss and deny our common sense, and assume as a truth what would practically destroy all human society? Men will continue to have so much faith in their Maker, I suspect, that they will say, when it is asserted that *any given dogma is incompatible with their common sense*—"so much the worse for the dogma." Do you wish to place yourself in this attitude?

Can Spirits move dead matter? The Bible says they can; Swedenborg says they can; some hundred thousands of our most intelligent, skeptical fellow citizens say they can, for they have seen it done many times.

The Editor of the *Herald* says they can not; he has a theory of his own and of some of the "oldest receivers of the heavenly doctrines," which is incompatible entirely with any such asserted fact. He can explain away the testimony of the Bible and Swedenborg, and he has *not* seen for himself any such fact. Therefore the hundreds of thousands of our good countrymen and countrywomen must be mistaken, or they must be impostors. Nay, should he think he saw these facts himself, his psychologic theory would explain the delusion of his own observing eyes, which are no more infallible than those of others, and so his theory, if he be in earnest, would for ever prevent his acknowledging a truth, if it be a truth.

\* "Old receivers" are the "old bottles," that labor under the singular delusion that there is to be no more "new wine," which is certainly very dangerous to their integrity.



What does common sense and common truth say? Some "physical manifestations," a few, may proceed from imposture, some from delusion possibly; but most are probably from invisible spirits. The evidence and logical probabilities are altogether in this direction.

To throw some light upon this subject of mental subjection to illusions, I find something worth quoting, and some reflection, too, on the part of these delusionists, in the recorded words of one of the most remarkable seers that have ever looked into this wonderful world of ours, and left us their honest discoveries therein. "Sorceries were in use among the ancients, and were performed in three ways: first, by keeping the hearing and thus the mind of another continually intent upon his words and sayings, without retaining aught from them; and at the same time, by an aspiration and inspiration of thought conjoined with affection, by means of the breath into the sound of the voice, whereby the hearer is incapable of thinking anything from himself; in this manner did the lovers of falsehood pour in their fables with violence. Secondly, they infused a persuasion, which was done by detaining the mind from everything of a contrary nature, and directing the attention exclusively to the idea involved in that which was uttered by themselves; hence the spiritual sphere of his mind dispelled the spiritual sphere of the mind of another, and stifled it; this was the kind of spiritual fascination which the magi of old made use of, and which was spoken of as the tying up of the understanding. The latter kind of sorcery pertained only to the spirit or thought, but the former to the lips or speech also. Thirdly, the hearer kept his mind so fixed in his own opinion, that he almost shut his ears against hearing anything from the speaker, which was done by holding the breath, and sometimes by a *lacet muttering*, and thus by a continual negation of his adversary's sentiment. This kind of sorcery was practised by those who heard others, but the two former by those who spoke to others. These three kinds of sorceries prevailed among the ancients, and prevail still among the infernal spirits; but with men in the world there remains only the third kind, and this with those who, from the pride of their intelligence, have confirmed in themselves the fables of religion. \* \* This kind of sorcery operates at the present day to prevent truths from being accepted, and with many to their not being understood. A. R. 462. This explains a text that I never did understand before. We are forbidden to have aught to do with "wizards that peep and mutter." The "peeping" is not clear yet, for I have never met with any such wizard yet, but when I do I shall most certainly avoid him. But the "muttering" I now understand. When I see men resolutely shutting their ears and eyes, denying the plainest facts and "muttering" in their thoughts "psychologic delusion," lest some theory or opinion of self-derived intelligence should be endangered, I must thank this clear seer for his honest words, and recommend to my friend of the *Herald* and all who think them note-worthy, a careful study thereof. They may find light shining in some very dark places where they least expect it, and I may thus render them a very pleasant and friendly service.

I can not forbear another short extract that beautifully illustrates the seer's wonderful truthfulness and prophetic foresight of present times. Speaking of miracles he says: "Still less would be their effect at this day, when it is not acknowledged that there is anything from the spiritual world, and when everything of the sort which takes place, and which is not attributable to nature, is denied; for a principle of denial universally reigns against the divine influx and government in the earth; wherefore at this day the man of the church, if he were to see the strictest divine miracles, would first bring them down into nature (*vide* Mahan and his school) and there defile them, and afterwards would reject them as fantasies, (*vide* the *N. C. Herald* and certain "old receivers,"\*) and lastly would laugh at all who attributed them to the Divine, and not to Nature," etc. A. C. 7259. It would be really cruel to say a word after this so visible an illustration of Swedenborg's insight into poor human nature, and I charitably forbear. May He who is the "light of the world" give us all ever good clear eyes of body and of soul, and a love of the light that we may see our errors and thus banish them from us forever.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

Baraka! I have found it! "Wizards that peep and mutter." Ever since I sent off to you the above article, my thoughts have been troubled about this line from the Scriptures, as

\* "Old bottles" of Scripture.

I could not think what the "peep" referred to. The "mutter" was beautifully cleared up in the extract from E. S. Green above; certain evil spirits named "prejudice," "pride of self-derived intelligence," "contempt of the brother," "love of opinion rather than of truth," and many others of similar infernal lust, so obscure the minds of their victims, that they are unwilling to hear anything that contradicts their own opinion, and so deter themselves from learning anything new. They have "finished their education," have exhausted God's treasury of truth, know all things in their own self-estimation, and so have no farther occasion for eyes; hence you see so large a majority of such "finished scholars" going about this universe of miracles with tightly closed eyelids, covered over by logic-spectacles, with which to see. "Third kind of sorcery: The hearer kept his mind so fixed in his own opinion, that he almost shut his ears against hearing anything from the speaker, which was done by holding the breath, and sometimes by a *lacet muttering* ("humbug," "imposture," "mesmerism," "psychologic delusion," "electricity," "odyle," "satanic agency," "evil spirits," "spheres of creative influx," anything but men, women and children, good, bad and indifferent,) and thus by a continual negation of his adversary's sentiment. "This kind of sorcery was practised by those who heard others." "This kind of sorcery operates at the present day to prevent truths from being accepted," etc. To "mutter," then, obviously means to shut the ears against sentiments that do not accord with our own, obstinately from ignorance and self-love, and not from pure love of truth. The ear relates to the will; to the disposition not to hold all our senses, inner and outer, freely open to all facts that may occur or may exist in the providence or providences of Him who is Goodness and Truth. I see very clearly that obsession by any such evil spirit that "mutter" (reasons) instead of seeing, that uses logic instead of God-given eyes, must for ever shut out its unhappy victims from all celestial kingdoms above or below.

But to my story: I had just opened a gate that led from the road to a house in the country this morning, where I was going to visit a little patient. My mind had been revolving this "muttering" matter during my walk, but could get no glimpse of what the "peep" referred to. Just as I opened the gate, some good angel must have opened a gate in my mind, my inner domains, and whispered what it was. It is all clear now; as "mutter" refers to the will, "peep" must relate to the understanding. Here is Webster's definition: *to look through a crevice; to look slyly*. That is, in plain words, not to open wide the seeing faculties of soul and body, but to examine a thing as if you were ashamed or afraid; to stand in the corner, out of the company of your brothers and sisters who are using their eyes; in a word, to be afraid of a fact, and to look at it slyly, with eyes cautiously half opened, from the corner outside the circle. Certainly a very poor way to see, to know, to pursue science. Our great modern prophets of science, who have given us a chemistry in place of the old metaphysical alchemy, an astronomy in place of the metaphysical astrology, a geology in place of the old cosmology of the theologians, an anthropology in place of abstract metaphysical systems that chased each other almost with the change of the seasons—Galileo, Liebig, Gall, Mesmer, and our own Buchanan and Maury, never would or could have given us facts in place of former "well-established opinions," had they been afraid or ashamed of using all the seeing faculties the good God had given them to serve Him with.

"Seek not unto wizards that peep and mutter." If you wish to enter the New Jerusalem of love and wisdom that is now coming down from above, keep your souls, your will and your understanding, carefully from all "spirits" in or out of the flesh that "peep and mutter," that have "finished their education," and despise those who have not, that examine facts and study truth by denying the common sense of mankind, that "peep" from hidden corners with half opened eyes while "muttering" their logical conclusions perpetually in their thoughts; in a word who believe logic but have no faith in eyes. That I am satisfied is the inner sense, the spirit of that hitherto obscure text, and I am truly grateful to my invisible friend for his present to me this beautiful May-morning; for all truths are spiritual gems. Pass it along your friendly TELEGRAPH. "Have nothing to do with the spirit of peeping and muttering," if you love the good and the true. Such sorcery prevents truth and admission to all Heavens.

CHARLES H. CRAIG.

#### THE DEAD.

Two regions of the spirit land  
Are populous and rich to see;  
While the some a deserted strand  
Washed by a wild tumultuous sea.  
Long, long ago to my young eye  
It bloomed a meadow green and fair,  
O'er which the loons came dancing by  
With laughing eyes and merry hail.  
I danced with them, and every heart  
In love responded to my own;  
But while I played my joyous part,  
My friends went from me one by one.  
Yet still the meadow strand was green,  
The bright-faced blossoms still were sweet,  
The cloudless skies o'rcrowned the scene,  
And music lured the dancers feet.  
But stranger thronged the fairy bowers,  
Whose steps were fleetest than my own;  
And with the rosy-mantled hours  
Danced by and I was left alone.  
I see them sporting far away,  
But cannot join the mirthful band;  
Bound by a spell my steps will stray  
Along the waste and desert strand.  
The billows of that boundless sea  
Make sweeter music to my ear,  
Than pleasure's wildest melody;  
For o'er it lies the spirit sphere.  
And there at times Faith's eye can see,  
Aid the amarantine bowers,  
The friends who danced in youth with me,  
Crowned with the never-fading flowers—  
Can hear their sweetly warbled songs  
Of that pure land's undying joys;  
And while for them my spirit longs,  
It cannot prize earth's glittering toys.  
They beckon me with eyes of love,  
And then the billows smoothly flow,  
And with a silver cadence move  
In low sweet murmurs to and fro.  
But when my yearning heart would fain  
Plunge in the clear and gentle tide,  
The black waves rise, and clouds again  
The right shores from my vision hide.  
Yet the faint echo of their song  
Comes wafted to me strangely sweet,  
While memory's enchantments strong  
Chain to the strand my waiting feet.  
There are on that deserted shore  
A few fond hearts to love me yet;  
But we can laugh and dance no more,  
As when in youth's bright bowers we met.  
The skies are blue above us still,  
With sun and starlight's summer smile,  
The flowers are fair on glade and hill,  
But cannot now to sport beguile.  
We gently wander, hand in hand,  
And gaze with wistful, longing eyes  
Across the waves to that bright land  
Where dwell the dead in Paradise.

—Evening Post.

#### SOCRATES AND CRITIAS.

SOCRATES, the son of Sophroniscus, who in the night of paganism longed for light, spoke one day as he sat among his disciples of the overruling Providence of the Deity, which, being omnipresent, did hear and see everything, taking care of all creatures; and that we should always feel and recognize the more, the more we honored and revered the Supreme Being.

In the emotion of his heart, the wise man alluded to a parable from the poems of the incomparable Homer, likening Divine Providence to a Mother, who, with gentle and unseen hand, fans the flies from her sleeping child.

Among his disciples was Critias, the traitor, who afterwards condemned him to death. He laughed at the comparison, for he thought it ignoble and common. Therefore he laughed and mocked at it in his heart. However, Socrates observed it, and understood his thoughts. He turned to him, and said: "Dost thou not feel, my dear Critias, how nearly allied the human in its simplicity is to the divine, and how the former may raise us to the latter? Thus he spoke. Critias departed with angry heart; but Socrates continued to instruct the other disciples. When Socrates was sentenced to death by the malice of Critias, and condemned to drink the poisoned cup, the tyrant remembered the words and the parable of the sage, and he came to him, and said decidedly: "Well, Socrates, will the Gods even now protect thee from the flies?" But Socrates smiled, and said: "The Gods, Critias, now lead me to rest after my day's work is done. How could I still think of the flies?"—Krummacher.





# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1856.

## THE DECADENCE OF PUBLIC MORALITY.

LOOKING at the history of political parties, and the lives of public men for a few years past, who can doubt that a great decadence has taken place in the public morality of the country? Whether or not this decadence is to extend, become permanent, or perhaps finally blot out every vestige of national virtue, is not for us to predict. It is a sufficiently lamentable fact, that it is at all plainly marked on the current record of the Republic. Nor will we pretend to say that this lapse of public morality necessarily involves a parallel decay of private morality—of the sturdy virtues of independence, intelligence and patriotism, which have heretofore inspired and ennobled the great mass of our people, from whom political parties and public men are evolved. Yet we must believe that the people can not long submit to, or even tacitly indorse a bad public morality, without becoming contaminated thereby. It seems to us that we are on the verge of a crisis; aye, perhaps have already entered upon an ordeal more perilous to our national life, our civilization and republican institutions, than has ever before occurred.

In instituting this Republic, our fathers "built better than they knew"—they could not have conceived half the splendor of the triumphs that were within three-quarters of a century to crown their noble work. Seeking enfranchisement from spiritual and political bondage, all selfish ambitions and considerations were swallowed up in their deference to the common weal, and they applied themselves to the founding of free altars, free schools, free society and a free state, with a zeal and unity that attested the sincerity of their patriotism and their faith. They wrought bravely for themselves and for generations that were yet to come. Unpretending in learning, science and art, living simply, thinking and speaking plainly, and acting directly upon their convictions of duty and right, they exhibited a higher appreciation of the true principles of civilization and government, and a happier progressive social development, than is manifested in our day. The reflecting moralist must question, in view of current events, whether we half realize the value of our national inheritance, or the virtue and greatness of the fathers of the Republic. Beyond all question they established, at what cost and sacrifice let history tell, the grandest and noblest system of government ever enjoyed by man—a government making man his own sovereign, and based on a Constitution which, interpreted in the spirit of its framers, gives to all men who seek shelter under its Ægis, equal rights and privileges. Such was the government established by our fathers—the blessed fruit of their high sense of right, their unconquerable patriotism and lofty morality.

Until within the life of our generation, it was the pride of their children to keep close to the example of the fathers—to preserve their simplicity and faith—to practice their morality and virtues, and to expand, by all just means, the triumph of the great principles committed to their trust. With them, Freedom, the Constitution and the laws, were talismanic words. With them, the thought of violence to the Union, or the willful interposition of any obstacle to the progress of Freedom, would have been sacrilege and treason. With them, office sought men, and men were not so corrupted and debased as to openly and shamelessly barter for office. With them, public station was honored, but no station could confer honorable eminence on bad men. With them, man was weighed and measured by his character and acts, and nothing could save him from reproach and scorn if these were base. With them, the municipality, the state, and the nation, were but the reflex of the people themselves. The public servants of the people, selected for their eminence of capacity and virtue, went up from the people's midst, to do the people's will, and wo to his name and fame who was faithless to the trust.

Then, the lowest office of service to the people was honorable, and the highest could not corrupt its holder. Then, there was a pervading sense of duty and responsibility. The citizen felt it in the exercise of his franchise, and he who was thereby elevated to public office felt it. Honesty, and zeal to do well in private or public life, were no novelty then. He alone was the novel and branded man, who was dishonest and unfaithful. Political parties, with their subsidized presses, and swarming demagogues and place-seekers, moved by "the cohesive power of public plunder," and blazoning forth their motto, "To the victors belong the spoils," were as yet unborn. It was the golden age of the Republic. The wilderness subdued, and the war for Freedom over, the people spread abroad over hills and valleys, buoyant with present joy, mingled with high hopes of the future, and happy in imitating the examples and in being thought worthy of their sires. The Republic flourished and the virtues blossomed in its hamlets and marts. The places of learning rose side by side with the shrines of religion. The benignant lights of a growing civilization streamed over the whole landscape. Peace and plenty walked hand in hand, and public morality responded to private virtue.

Turning (ah, and *forward*, too) from that picture, will any one say that the Republic exhibits a parallel one to-day? Nay, the whole scene almost seems reversed. The Republic exists in name—the Union exists in name—the franchise, which makes the poorest man a sovereign, exists in name—while the spirit which the fathers infused through the government of the Republic is gone; the Union itself is morally dissolved, and the freeman's franchise is become a thing bartered in all the land. Personal selfishness and ambition have absorbed all regard for the public weal. Government is no longer administered for "the greatest good of the greatest number," but is subsidized through the machinery of party to satisfy the rapaciousness of the few. Offices no longer seek men, but are everywhere bought and sold. Relaxing private virtue, is crowned by scandalous public morality. From the bottom of the great ladder of public service to the top round, mount an incessant swarm of plunderers, distinguished only by their degrees of corruption. The lowest magistracy winks at fraud and wrong, and takes a bribe, while candidates for the Presidency marshal their mercenary forces, and pledge all the patronage of government—nay, more, *use* it often, to pave their way to power.

Our Mayor, instead of addressing himself to the reform of abuses within his sphere, turns his messages into pleas for higher office. Our President unscrupulously uses his official position and influence to secure a reelection. To a nation convulsed with discords, traceable mainly to himself, he issues an annual message filled with denunciations and threats toward one class, and with praise and promise to another section and class of our people. If in the halls of Congress—in the Senate chamber, a manly voice is for a moment heard pleading human rights or against public corruption and wrong, some ruffian's bludgeon strikes him dumb. Political virtue is smothered or dead. Already at the Capitol of the nation, where the highest morality should be illustrated, a representative of the people, who will not cringe before men who employ club logic in the arena of forensic discussion, must take his life in his hand, and defend and preserve it as best he can. The cane and the pistol are introduced as the latest paramount symbols of civilization. Legislative bodies—the highest in the land, to whom is given the right to make peace and declare war—announce themselves next to powerless to punish ruffians and murderers of their own number. The Republic is under a terrible paralysis of its vital powers—it is blind with fatuity and trembles on its public foundations.

We are not speaking as partisans or sectionalists in this matter. It is a stern sense of duty to ourselves and the public, in view of the humiliating position to which this nation has been brought by ambitious, selfish, bad men—leaders of political parties and holders of public office, that we utter our conviction of the startling decadence of public morality in this Republic, within a brief time past, as well as our mortification at the supineness of the people, who do not rise and wrest government and political power from the corrupt hands into which they have fallen. The superficial observer can not fail to see, that not only the Union, but Freedom itself, must soon yield and fall before such a public morality. Wedded to parties, the people are being insensibly drawn into the strife and whirlpool of

political corruption, and unless they turn at once, unitedly and resolutely back to the lights and guide marks of a more virtuous generation, this nation will ere long present a sad spectacle to the friends of Freedom, Virtue and Humanity throughout the world.

## DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN.

THE *Freeman's Journal* publishes a letter written from the *Academia Ecclesiastica* at Rome, on the 28th of April last, by a priest, who gives an account of the induction of DANIEL D. HOME into the Mother Church, in whose arms we trust his restless spirit will find repose. We extract the more important portions of the letter, which is addressed to Dr. IVES:

More than a month ago a French Abbe of my acquaintance informed me that a young man had lately arrived in Rome with a family of a Polish nobleman, who had expressed a strong desire to be introduced to some Priest who spoke the English language, in order that he might confer with him on the subject of religion. Having agreed to meet this young man, I found him to be Mr. D. D. Home; and on entering into conversation with him, I found that his object in asking to see a Priest was to learn what steps it was necessary for him to take in order that he might be admitted to the communion of the Catholic Church. He related to me the circumstances of his past life, and of his connection with the spiritual manifestations. In religion he had been a Presbyterian, until about five years ago, when he became a Swedenborgian. He appears to have remained in that persuasion with a quiet conscience until he was moved by the consideration of the perplexing and contradictory nature of the answers which he and others received from the Spirits which they interrogated, to reflect whether or on what grounds he was sure that he had a certain knowledge of those things which it was necessary for his salvation that he should believe. \* \* \* He found in the Holy Scriptures that our Divine Lord had indeed founded a visible church upon earth to which he had given commission to teach all nations, and to which he had promised his own continual presence and the gift of the Holy Spirit, in order that she might be enabled to fulfill the task so imposed upon her, and be preserved from all possibility of error concerning that which she was to teach. But on inquiring where this was to be found, he could discover but one which actually taught the whole world, or even professed to do so—one only which professed, in virtue of the guidance of the Holy Spirit, to be infallible—and this was the Holy Roman Catholic Church.

On account of his very extraordinary antecedents I am sure that Mr. Home, like all those who have preceded him, in the abjuration of error and submission to the truth, will have imputed to him all sorts of motives on which he will be supposed to have acted. One manner of accounting for his conversion, to which many of us are well accustomed will doubtless be to assert that he has acted under excitement, and this the more as he is certainly of an excitable physical temperament. But there is a great difference between having an excitable temperament and acting under excitement. In this case I can safely affirm that I never witnessed any action begun and carried through by any man more calmly or which was the result of more deliberate conviction than has been this act of Mr. Home. He did not act from any momentary impulse, but, as I have said, from a conviction which had been strengthening for months. Neither was he received into the Church immediately on his expressing a wish to that effect, but underwent a course of instruction during a delay of more than a fortnight, during which I had ample opportunity of ascertaining the reality of his conviction, that it was his imperative duty to submit himself to the Catholic Church.

He certainly did not embrace the Catholic Church from interested motives, or for temporal gain or happiness, for he had well counted the cost, and knew that it would entail upon him the renunciation of the exercise of certain powers which had procured for him many admirers and friends; that it would draw down upon him the condemnation of those who had been foremost in upholding him, and separate him from those whose affection and good opinion he most valued. He remembered all this, but he remembered also that all earthly things would weigh for nothing when put in the balance with his eternal salvation.

Daniel was naturally innocent in his intentions, but vain, superficial and erratic. At one time he was an extraordinary Medium for the Spirits, and the phenomena which occurred in his presence were very numerous and highly diversified. Owing to his mediumship Daniel was much noticed for a season, and several wealthy and fashionable persons in this country undertook to supply his wants and to give him a professional education. Naturally inclined to carry more sail than ballast, with very good intentions no doubt, Daniel began to unfurl his canvas at a rate that awakened some apprehension for his safety, in the minds of his prudent friends. He yielded to the influence of flattery, the dominion of a vain pride, and above all to an insatiable ambition for aristocratic society. It was only a natural mistake, growing out of large self-esteem and a childish love of display—constitutional defects in Daniel which his recent prosperity has greatly aggravated.

Some time before his departure for Europe, Daniel's mediumship greatly declined, inasmuch that some of his friends supposed he had entirely lost his powers. To say the least, the



manifestations through him were far less forcible and reliable. About that time several of his best friends had serious interviews with him, in the hope of giving him some common sense views of himself and the world. But Daniel made a mistake which is very common to young people who have more pride than wisdom—he presumed that those who admonished him were his enemies, and hence he was inclined to pay little or no respect to them or to their suggestions. Our ambitious young friend went his way; we heard of him in England among Lords and Ladies, and in the society of the savans. Then we heard of the American Medium in Florence, where an attempt was made to assassinate him. Now he has pitched his tent in the Eternal City, and directly under the shadow of St. Peter's. Daniel was never a bad boy, but it will probably require the Apostolic Church and an infallible priesthood to keep track of him. Hope he may have a good time yet, and realize under the reign of despotism at Rome, a peculiar satisfaction which Protestantism and Republicanism in America could not offer him. Farewell, Daniel! If convenient send us your picture, and an account of your religious experience.

### THE WORSHIP OF RELICS.

The ceremony of translating the blood and bones of Saint Quietus, an early Christian martyr, from the catacombs of Rome to the shrine of a new Roman Catholic chapel at Hoboken, on Sunday, of week before last, has been a subject of no little ridicule and some denunciation, with several religious and secular journals in the Protestant interest. It has recalled to their memory, proverbially quick in whatever may be turned against their differing neighbors, all the stories ever told or invented about the "image and relic worshiping Papists," not forgetting the "holy coat of Treves," the "bloody shirt of the Savior," the "Winking Virgin (on canvas) of Rimini," and many other similar things, said to be held in certain reverence in Europe. It is not to be denied that the Roman Catholics are preëminently given to spectacles, mysteries and miracles, and that their inclination in this direction is, by a cunning priesthood, confirmed and strengthened by keeping them in ignorance of great living spiritual truths, in order to profit the church for revenues derived through image-worship and the exhibition of saintly relics.

But the Catholic Church came naturally by this species of idolatry. In the early ages, while Christianity was struggling into life among the Pagan altars of Rome, her votaries were forced to yield something to the converted Pagan mind, which longed to mingle with the Gospel something known to its old symbols—something palpable to the rudest sense, to which the new religion was comparatively an airy, unsubstantial thing. And thus arose a species of compromise between Christianity and Paganism—between spirit and matter—and the Gospel of Jesus was laid upon the altar, side by side with images of the Savior, the Virgin, and the saints. This compromise has never ceased to this day—and the spectacles, images and relics of the Catholic Church of the nineteenth century—and which play a no insignificant part in sustaining its influence and power—are the fruit of that compact between principle and policy, begun possibly in the very generation in which Saint Quietus received his quietus through martyrdom; and whose blood (in a phial) and bones (in a gold box), after a slumber of sixteen centuries in the solemn darkness and silence of the catacombs, have at length been translated, for "a show and a healing," to a shrine in the New World.

Let not Protestantism, however, ridicule or ignore these things too rudely. It is the boast of Protestantism that she moves in the light; that all her manifestations are deliberate and voluntary. Analyze her to-day, in the midst of her luxurious churches and altars, her imposing but barren rites and ceremonies, her words and deeds in her conclaves and out in the world, and she will be found as idolatrous, only of other images and relics, as the Catholic Church. Ah, it needs not much penetration to behold Protestantism wandering and worshiping dry bones. In its own way, it is as full of Paganism, and as void of the essential spirit of religion—of devotion to the practices of Jesus and the precepts of the Gospel—as though it had images on its altars, relics in its shrines, and "winking virgins" on all its temple walls. The beam-eyed should be careful how they taunt the mote-eyed. If Catholicism chose to retort, she could turn the shafts of some of her enemies into spears that would pierce them through.

### THE FREEDOM OF SPEECH.

"Give me," said Milton in his noble defense of the freedom of the press in England, "the liberty to think, to write, and to speak freely, above all other liberties." It was a sentiment as true as it was noble. The freedom of speech comprises it all; for wherever this is permitted there can be no reason for refusing an equal freedom to think and to write. To the liberty and progress of mankind, freedom of speech is a vital thing. The unanswerable proof of this lies in the fact, that wherever a people have enjoyed this freedom absolutely, they have soon cast off the fetters of social, political and religious bondage. Where free speech opens the door, truth and light will enter, bringing in their train a higher civilization and a loftier humanity. All who are conversant with the world's history, know that despotisms have always feared, and as far as lay in their power, strangled free thought and speech. They knew the might and subtlety of these invincible weapons, before which, wielded aright, fortresses and steel-armed hosts in the long struggle must fall. It was by a censorship of human reason or striking human tongues dumb, that crowned and mitred tyrants kept the world so long under the awful shadow of "Dark Ages." It is, to-day, through an emasculation of the liberty of the press, and stern interdicts against the freedom of speech, that continental Europe is held in heavy bonds. The Usurper of France, the "perfidious Hapsburger" of Austria, the human butcher-king of Naples, and the proud Autocrat of "all the Russians," fear less the blast of war than the tongue of free speech.

Follow despotism anywhere, in Church or State, in governments or other institutions, and it will be found the enemy of free speech. If but in this respect, we do not appreciate a title of the blessings of freedom which we enjoy. Our priceless privileges, like the light and breath of heaven, are held cheap because they are so permanent and universal. There is no constitutional or legal fetter upon our liberty within any just bound. Free as are the press and speech of England, ours are still freer. They are a matter of wonder to those who come from the nations of the old world. Yet, free as they are, we are conceding new latitudes to speech, and removing more and more the few petty disabilities that attach to the freedom of the press. We are perfecting our willingness to trust ourselves wholly to the verdicts of reason and reflection.

But a daring outrage against this sacred and inalienable right has but recently been perpetrated in the nation's capital. Senator Charles Sumner, a man unarmed and suspicionless of danger—a man of peace, a scholar and true gentleman—a representative of the people in their highest Legislature—a champion, everywhere and always, of Freedom, Education, and Morality, while writing in his seat was brutally assailed, felled to the floor and nearly beaten to death, and all because he had indulged his constitutional right. And while this specimen of chivalry, himself a representative, was doing his work to suppress free speech, others of his kind, representatives also, looked quietly on, as if savagism were the highest freedom known to American institutions! The freedom of speech, as the most vital and priceless of all our liberties, must be maintained, without respect of persons, and regardless of parallels of latitude.

### THE SPIRITS EXPELLING THE SERPENT.

The Boston Times gives publicity to the following remarkable illustration of spiritual agency in saving the life of a woman who had a venomous reptile in her stomach. Many a caviling editor will probably read this article in his sanctum, and by next week will assure his readers that he is waiting to see what possible use Spiritualism is likely to be to the world. The New York Express copied it the other day; but the next time that the editor notices the subject he will probably tell us that Spiritualism is a "blasphemous imposture," and that the mediums are "unprincipled knaves." Consistency is a jewel that is rarely found in a swine's snout.

#### DISCOVERED AND EXPELLED BY THE SPIRITS.

We see occasionally in the papers accounts of persons swallowing living reptiles, and subsequently ejecting them; but all such statements have been treated as either entirely groundless or else greatly exaggerated. But we have now a case of this description which admits of no cavil or doubt, but may be relied upon as wholly and strictly true. For a period of two years or more, a respectable lady (Mrs. P.) residing in Amesbury, has experienced very unusual, and at times, distressing feelings in her stomach—the cause of which no one could divine.

This state of things continued without interruption, and resulted in

the complete prostration of Mrs. P., with unmistakable symptoms of speedy death. Her case had attracted the attention of the neighborhood, and she had called in the best medical assistance at hand, but all to no purpose. Her physicians gave it up as a hopeless case, and acknowledged themselves unable to discover the cause of her sickness. Having thus exhausted an apparent human means for her relief, Mrs. P. (who is a Spiritualist and a powerful medium) resolved to test the power of the Spirits in the matter of her ailment. With this object, she called on another lady medium, and stated her case, requesting her to invoke the spirit of Dr. Rush, which she did; and the answer was, "that Mrs. P. had within her stomach a living reptile, which if not soon ridden of, would be the means of her death!" It also prescribed the course to be adopted, giving the name and quantity of the medicine to be administered. These directions were immediately followed, and the result was the ejection from the stomach of Mrs. P. of a live snake, of the water adder species, which measured upward of fourteen inches in length, and one and a quarter inches in circumference! The snake was disgorged upon the floor, and was not only alive but exhibited all the venomous traits of its species, running out its forked tongue, and hissing at those around! This event occurred about ten days since, and we are happy to add that Mrs. P. is fast regaining her health and strength. She supposes that she swallowed the reptile some two years since while drinking from a spring in Maine.

### Please Pay your Postage.

We are occasionally informed that letters (sometimes containing money) have been mailed to our address which never came to hand. In every case the writers are quite sure they put on stamps. We have just received a letter from Elmira respecting one of these unpleasant cases. The writer says, "The letter which we addressed to the Firm (containing money for the paper) last fall has been returned to us from Washington." This letter would never have been sent to Washington if a stamp had been on it. We trust other stray letters will bring up in the Dead Letter office for the same reason.

The number of letters mailed without postage being paid is surprising. We beg our friends to be particular to pay postage, and thus save themselves much trouble and anxiety. Money may be sent to us in letters properly addressed, stamped and registered, at our risk. Whoever does not comply with these reasonable conditions, ought not ask us to bear any loss that may occur. If the writers think the registering of letters is a sort of advertisement to postmasters and clerks, that they contain money, it is no excuse for asking us to bear the losses that occur. We prefer to take the risk of the safe conveyance of registered letters rather than the risk of their being properly directed and stamped. We think registering will serve to call attention to these things. But the best way to send money is by draft, certified check, or certificate of deposit, which may be obtained from any bank. C. P.

### Tiffany's Monthly for June.

The June Number of this Magazine is now ready for delivery to its patrons. It contains its usual number of substantial, well-written and instructive articles on various phases and aspects of the spiritual unfolding, and the questions arising out of the same. These articles bear the following titles: "Evidences of Spirit Action;" "Redemption;" "Modern Mysteries Explained and Exposed;" "The Philosophy of Nature;" "Formation and Duration of Character;" "Loss and Recovery of Spiritual Inter-course;" "Propositions;" "Current Items."

Reader, if you are hungry for the strong meat of Spiritualism, read Tiffany and digest him.

A VINDICATION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN, with Strictures on Political and Moral Subjects. By MARY WOLLSTONCRAFT. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author. New York: Published by Calvin Blanchard. 1836.

When this work was first given to the world, it was assailed with a storm of vituperation, and the author was anathematized without stint or mercy, for her real or supposed heresies. But two generations have passed from earth since then, and the book still lives, and its influence in ameliorating and elevating the condition of woman grows wider and stronger with every passing year. No candid mind, familiar with this work, can fail to recognize its strength of thought and its nobleness of purpose. Faults it undoubtedly has—errors both rhetorical and ethical; but in spite of these, its vigorous common sense, its clear argumentation, its just appreciation of the rights inherent in humanity, and its plain practical suggestions, render it one of the most instructive and satisfactory treatises on the subject of woman's position, relation and rights, that has ever been given to the world. In spite of its faults it will do good. For sale by the publisher, 76 Nassau-street.

AN IDEA FOR THE BLOOMERS.—The Circassian women, noted the world over for beauty, adopt a mode of dress which denotes their position in society. If a fair virgin should chance to attract the admiring glances of a gallant knight in search of a wife, he can always tell by the color of her trowsers, whether the wearer be maid, wife or widow; virgin white being worn by the young girls, red by her who has assumed the duties of a matron, and blue by the hapless dame who mourns the death of her lord.



## THOUGHTS ON SECULAR ATHEISM.

BY WILLIAM E. ANDREWS.

The regularity and uniformity of the operations of Nature are conspicuous on all hands, and strike every thinking mind. The heavenly bodies fulfill their mighty movements with silent constancy. The alterations of day and night, the succession of the moon's phases, the recurrence of the seasons in their stated annual round, are phenomena which, when regarded even without the aid of an advanced science as respects their causes, strikingly impress the mind with a sense of their stability and order; which is the more warranted the more thoroughly we investigate the laws that regulate them.

The phenomena which the earth exhibits for our nearer and more minute inspection, excite similar reflections on the constancy with which they are guided. How every substance retains its peculiar and distinctive properties, or modifies or loses them only according to clearly marked laws—how each vegetable structure possesses its appropriate arrangement and organization, and has "its seeds within itself" to reproduce its like—how all animated beings fill their respective places in the great scale of existence—how nature blossoms, bears fruit, and is renewed—how various realms produce their varied stores—how the animal and vegetable kingdoms minister to each other, and the gaseous connects the mystic circle—these and similar observations without number, filling all books of physical science and natural history, and perpetually extending as the range of accurate scientific knowledge is enlarged, more and more strikingly attest the uniformity of Nature. The Theist sees the faithfulness of God in this constancy of his works:

"For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven,  
Thy faithfulness is unto all generations: Thou hast established the earth and it abideth.

They continue this day according to thine ordinance:  
For all are thy servants."

The government of the world is exercised according to general and undeviating laws. This is admitted on all hands; for the rare exceptional case of miracle seems rather the introduction of special powers than the suspension of ordinary ones, and does not at all affect the question between the Theist and the Atheist. That this government by general laws is indicative of Wisdom and Benevolence, is the topic of our present chapter.

When the philosophic Theist or the philosophic Christian speaks of the province of God as "in all and through all and over all His works," he does not mean to assert that we can see or feel or recognize any divine agency distinct from the properties and powers of Nature. Those powers and properties are themselves, in his view, the manifestations of providence. We perceive God's operations in them; not separate from, or super-added to them. We trace His will and attributes as these things illustrate them. When Christ said, "No man hath seen God at any time," he spoke a truth to which every thoughtful inquirer into God's works responds. There is no visible hand stretched out to guide them. There is no voice heard proclaiming the mandate which they unresistingly obey. And when we speak of the "hand of God" as conducting them, and his "commands" as being the law to obedient worlds, we are sensible that we employ figurative expressions so strong as to be quite incorrect in a philosophical sense, though the very nature of human language, when applied to the subject of Deity, makes them necessary, and their figurative use is intelligible and pertinent enough.

Now it is found by the diligent student of Nature that its various and complex phenomena take place according to certain fixed principles, of comprehensive, or universal application, which are designated the General Laws of Nature. Providence, ever acting through the agency of created things, preserves (with rarest exceptions) an exact uniformity of operation. The same powers are continually upheld in the same departments of nature, while its different departments exhibit an endless diversity of powers, each permanent in its place. Thus the law (as it is called) of Gravitation, by which a stone falls to the ground, and planets are guided in their courses, is an unvarying and seemingly a universal principle in the material creation. It operates on atoms and on worlds—at distances the most vast and the most minute. But in all circumstances, and at all times, it acts precisely in the same proportion of power to distance and to mass; "directly as the mass, inversely as the squares of the distance."

That very law which molds a tear  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the Earth a sphere,  
And guides the Planets in their course."

We do not know what Gravitation is. We may theorize upon it if we choose. We may call it a law, thereby describing its regularity of action and hinting its source in Mind. But all that we really know of it, is as a mode of operation and order of sequence in phenomena. And it is so with all other laws, or modes of operation, in Nature.

The laws of Light—of its radiation, transmission, reflection, refraction—are regular and uniform.

The laws of Sound are equally fixed and permanent.

Things change only according to law. All these material agents, whether acting mechanically or chemically, which produce perpetual changes in the constitution or properties of other bodies, effect such changes according to regular and undeviating principles. Science shows this more and more. She knows nothing that is lawless in the wide realms already explored. She believes in nothing lawless in any new realm into which she is continually adventuring. This is what is meant by the general laws of Nature or of Providence.

Why are the laws of Nature thus uniform? the mind necessarily asks. Is it through chance or necessity, or is it through design? Is it a happy chance, if by chance? Is it a blessed necessity, if through

necessity? Is it a wise and kind design, if design it be, that has ordained the uniformity of Nature? Is it beneficial to man? Is it appropriate to the use and development of his faculties as a rational and moral being? Is it such an arrangement as a wise and good Creator (if such there be) may be conceived to have made for his creatures, sake? Let us consider well how important, how essential, this uniformity of Nature is in every aspect of human life.

It is true that suffering and disaster often occur under this uniformity of the laws of Nature. The mighty mechanism is not relaxed at the cry of individual need. Fire does not lose its power to burn, if through accident or carelessness on my part, or mischievous design on that of some one else, my hand be exposed to it. If I fall into deep water and can not swim, and no help be near, I must be drowned. A building inadequately constructed, or dilapidated by age, may fall, according to the mechanical laws of matter; and human life may, perhaps, be sacrificed in the ruin. Powerful and rapid machinery may mutilate and destroy whatever is inadvertently or wilfully placed within the range of its movements. Railway accidents the most terrible, may result from the uniform operation of the laws of matter and motion, under circumstances of neglect or insufficient and destructive arrangement and foresight. In all these cases, Providence goes on acting still by the general laws wisely assigned to each proportion of matter. God does not interpose, or intermit rather, for the special benefit of the particular creature liable to fall a prey to the ordinary action of the usefully-ordained law. And sometimes we may feel awestruck at the harsh inflictions of these stern mechanical laws, behind which the Creator withdraws (as it were) and hides himself from our view and (as regards these material results) from our prayers. We feel the perplexity of Job, whether we share his faith also or not:

"Behold, I go forward, but He is not there;  
And backward; but I can not perceive Him;  
On the left hand where he doth work, but I can not behold Him;  
He hideth himself on the right hand that I can not see Him.  
But He knoweth the way that I take;  
When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

Incomparably greater evil would, however, result from the want of law and regularity. And here the very nature of the human faculties, to the development of which, as we have seen, this regularity of Nature is all-important, provides the most appropriate protection and defense. A higher law, or principle, comes into operation, not to control the material agents, but to regulate human action in reference to them;—the Law of Intelligence—the power of understanding and observing those operations of the material world which take place in a regular and reliable manner.

But what do we really mean, all this time, by a Law of Nature? What do we mean by a law of any kind? Is it not simply a rule of action—a prescribed mode of operation: Is the law itself an intelligent, acting being? Does any law devise itself and enact itself? Or does not a law imply a legislator for its origination, and require an executive for its enforcement? The British statute laws, it is certain, did not exist till framed by Acts of Parliament; and it is equally certain that when any such law has passed both Houses of Parliament and received the Royal assent, it would not enact itself if the officers of civil justice did not carry it into effect. There are indeed some such laws, which, for want of due provision for their executive fulfillment, are a dead letter. Law is not self-moving. And if there be any such analogy of meaning as to justify the figurative appropriation of the same language to the principles on which the world is governed, then we demand to know whether it can be seriously maintained that the Law of Gravitation could have devised itself without a creative intelligence, or could perpetually enact itself throughout the material universe without an intelligent Providence. If any intelligible idea is suggested by the customary and useful and expressive term, *Laws of Nature*, it must be one which implies the glorious truth of a Supreme creative and presiding Intelligence as the fount of Law and Order.

But, not to dwell on the suggestive import of the term itself—this principle, or law, of Gravitation is either intelligent and self-existent, or it is not. It is either ultimate in our philosophy, and originate in the order of things, or it is not. It is either the First Cause, possessed of attributes sufficient to be the First cause, or it is not. If it is thus self-existent and intelligent, all-devising and all-originate, then this principle is God. For this is what we mean by God; the ultimate, the self-existent, intelligent and powerful, the all-sufficient Cause of what is—upon which our minds are forced to retreat, and beyond which they can not and need not go for any simpler solution. If such be the philosopher's belief respecting Gravitation, Gravitation to his mind is God. And every other law or principle or elementary substance in Nature must, if self-existent and self-sustaining, be in like manner divine. And then, instead of there being no Creator, or no Providence, there are Gods many and Lords many who have made and still preside. But if Gravitation and the rest be not intelligent and self-existent, then we must ascribe the intelligence which they bespeak and the self-existence which preceded all derived being, to some Higher Cause distinct from these minor agents; and that cause of all we adore as God.

Somewhere the First Agency is—somewhere a directing Mind. And that Mind whose attributes the universe proclaims—that Agency whose laws guide the universe, is God. Let us not dogmatize respecting his nature or essence. Much has been debated far from wisely, if always reverently, by theologians, about the Divine substance, person, and other scholastic subtleties which have at least no necessary connection with the broad, general argument now before us. We can not find out the Almighty to perfection. His works we can trace only in part; how much less Him who shrouds Himself amid their mystery and wonder!

Just in proportion as we are enabled to investigate some of the wonders of the creation, as we become better acquainted with its curious laws and secret processes and more and more subtle elements—when we find ourselves approaching the limits of our power of observation, and tread the first steps in the maze of theory—we are the more prepared to recognize the mystic symbols of the Great Unknown.

Having spoken thus of the order of Providence as connected by general and unvarying laws, I must add (simply to preclude misunderstanding) that variations from those laws are not impossible to the philosophical believer in God as their author. In certain inconceivable circumstances (which the Christian believes to have actually occurred), it is quite conceivable to the Theist that those laws should have been held in suspense or overruled by Sovereign power. In certain circumstances of a very special character, and for purposes most rare and exceptional, it might as plainly bespeak the Divine wisdom and goodness as to vary from their uniformity, as in most circumstances it does to maintain them inviolate. For to the Theist the law is not itself an agent, but a mode of the Divine agency. Its being generally observed is no proof that it can not be occasionally disregarded, or remitted, or superseded. Miracles, in short, are not incredible in themselves to a believer in Providence; though to a philosophical believer they are, *a priori*, not to be expected, and require, when alleged, the most rigorous investigation. Human laws are sometimes suspended by act of sovereign grace. And the Divine Will which ordains can unquestionably dispense. Miracles do not imply that a result is produced without a cause. The Great Cause of causes is proclaimed in them to be still, as always, acting, only in a manner wholly unintelligible to us instead of partly so. That God, if He saw fit to commission any human being to become peculiarly and conspicuously the messenger of His will to mankind or any portion of them, should anticipate in his person the ordinary processes by which knowledge is advanced, and impart to him supernatural wisdom—that He should also encircle him, as it were, with a zone of super-human power, and make outward miracles wait upon his bidding—is not in itself more improbable than that such attestations should be limited to the very rarest occasions, and that for the sake of man's happiness and improvement the ordinary operations of Providence should be conducted with a scrupulous regard to self-imposed laws. We do not now discuss the historical question whether such interventions have taken place, but simply protest that that question, as a question of fact, is not precluded by the philosophy of general laws in the course of Providence. If the final cause of Nature's uniformity be, as the Theist believes with profoundest reverence, man's general good—man's more special good may have been also the suggestive cause of the Gospel miracles. A higher uniformity of Divine purposes may have been evinced by such a variation from the uniformity of method. And the true and comprehensive analogy of the Divine dealings may be found, perhaps, in miracles sometimes and general laws always.

## A SINGULAR APPARITION.

A FAIR friend has had the kindness to translate for our columns the subjoined brief account, by Baron de Geramb, of the appearance of a strange specter, which presented itself to him in 1810. The story here follows:

I was walking on the shore when I observed a naked body, extended on a board. Supposing this to be the body of the person whose cries I had heard the preceding day, I directed the corpse to be carried away and gave money to have it buried. In the evening a secret inquietude, an irresistible instinct attracted me again to the object; on arriving at the spot I found it deserted; the wind blew tempestuously; suddenly there arose from the place where I had seen the body, an airy phantom, devoid of any distinct form. This specter moved, it advanced, stalking with a spiral direction, describing circles in diminishing sizes, until it at arrived at its center, when it again bounded off with velocity, to resume its shape at some distance, and I supposed it to be a vapor springing from the earth, or a cloud of dust; but entering the street of Cadix, I still perceived this apparition accompanied with a rustling noise. The door of a house having been thrown open with violence—the phantom, which I followed, rushed into a room on the ground floor, where I discovered, to my astonishment, the dead body which I had seen on the beach.

A lamp faintly illumined this abode. An old man was kneeling by the corpse, and weeping; in the corner I saw the same specter, still assuming the same singular appearance, arising to the ceiling, whirling spirally in the air; this sight kept me disturbed in mind—at length the specter seemed to float in a luminous vapor, and I distinguished the features of a pale, interesting young man. The form undulated as if it had been rocked by the waves of the sea; the murmurings of which I thought I heard. This part of the scene had nothing in it to shock my feelings; on the contrary I felt as it were refreshed as by a cooling breeze. I also experienced a pleasing emotion on beholding the shade, which seemed to balance itself in a silvery fluid, resembling the reflected rays of moonlight. The old man exclaimed, in mournful tones: "Carlos! Carlos!" At this time his eyes became riveted on the apparition, and which he surveyed without any mark of surprise or emotion.

LEATHER FROM PORPOISE SKINS.—At a recent industrial exhibition of the London societies, among the other novelties was some curried leather from the skin of the white porpoise. A report says: "It seems to possess the essential requisites of toughness and softness, and has been considered superior to the skins of land animals; the price is the same as that of the best calfskin; but a sample pair of boots shown is stated to have worn out seven soles."



## Original Communications.

## INSPIRATION FROM A STAR.

SUGGESTED WHILE LOOKING AT VENUS.

BY MELINDA A. BALL.

STAR of the night! thy pure love-light  
Sinks deep into my soul;  
And in my heart the pulses start,  
And thoughts like sea-waves roll,  
All calm, and beautiful, and grand,  
Then break in pearls upon its strand.

Seen from afar, Oh, beauteous star!  
I feel thy witching spell,  
And of my heart thou seem'st a part—  
Thy thoughts within me dwell.  
The magnet of thy love hath wound  
A glory-light my soul around.

Sweet star! to me, thy love shall be,  
A light to guide my feet,  
Up Wisdom's mount to Love's pure fount,  
For if the stream be sweet,  
And if its waters flow so free;  
Oh! think, what must the fountain be.

Dear Nature! love, on earth—above,  
And everywhere I see.  
Great God! shall man, of all this plan,  
The only foul thing be?  
Forbid the thought! does one God reign?  
One law then works through all the same.

Man's heart may be a storm-tossed sea,  
Laving a barren shore—  
But storms must cease, and so must grief,  
Then, purer than before  
Near fragrant isles, the sea shall roll,  
And into Heaven transport the soul.

## MISS JAY IN ROCHESTER.

THE following letter is from a gentleman whose mental attainments, social position and moral worth qualify him for a clear perception and just appreciation of an intellectual performance; at the same time the possession of such attributes and acquirements entitle his testimony to more than ordinary respect and attention.—*Ed.*

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 31, 1856.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

The visit of Miss Emma Frances Jay to this city, just closed, has afforded me so much pleasure, and has been of so signal benefit to the cause of *Spiritualism*, that I trust you will allow me the privilege of communicating the results of my experience in this respect, to the readers of the *TELEGRAPH*.

Rochester seems to me to be of all places the most unpromising in its aspects toward this most interesting and important science. It is so extensively and thoroughly orthodox in its religious views, so engrossed by the teachings of an antiquated pulpit, so led by its immediate pecuniary interests which centre in orthodox hands and embrace nearly all the so called respectable and wealthy classes, that *Spiritualism* can find countenance and acceptance among but comparatively few of its inhabitants. But these are people of independent and enlightened minds, and of sufficient strength of character to bear with indifference the odium which, in such a community, must attach to the friends of so unpopular a doctrine. They are therefore zealous, fearless and able; and are confident in the belief that even Rochester will yet yield to the irresistible evidence of reason and demonstrative facts.

Under these circumstances, nothing has tended so much to encourage them as this short visit of Miss Jay. She has come among us in such a glory of beauty and intellect, that she has captivated all hearts and spread new light over all minds. For, leaving the question of spiritual agency entirely out of mind, she has given us a course of three lectures which, for eloquence, for argument, for tenderness, pathos and sublimity, can not be, and it seems to me never have been, equalled by the most learned, ingenious and accomplished speakers of the day. Her graceful and symmetrical person, her gestures so appropriate and expressive, her voice so rich in sweetness and depth, so wide in compass, together with the entire ease and self-possession with which she delivers herself; are of themselves a sufficient charm to compensate you—and indeed more than compensate you—for your attendance. And then add to these the matter of her discourses, so full of new and weighty truth, so sparkling with original and forcible remark, so happily and elegantly expressed, and you have a body of attractions quite irresistible to refined and cultivated minds, be their theological and philosophical creeds what they may. Her powers of vocalization, of which I heard only a short and imperfect specimen, are truly wonderful. So that take it altogether, we have here a miracle of talent which, upon the most secular view of it, deserves and I trust will command, the amplest remuneration, and produce for good the most extensive effects. But happily this is enlisted in the highest and holiest of causes, and blessed while it is blessed in the person of its lovely apostle. H.

A CLERGYMAN was once asked whether the members of his church were well united, to which he replied that their union was most perfect—that they were all frozen together.

## DR. DIGNOWITY ON ASSOCIATION.

MOUNT HARMONY, NEAR SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, May 17, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Dear Sirs—I am sorry to be compelled to trouble you again, but I cannot do otherwise. Since the publication of a *synopsis* of my plan in the *TELEGRAPH* of my *Home Circle*, I have been crowded with letters of inquiry from various parts of the country, as to the particulars of the plan and association proposed. These show conclusively that we have progressed to that point at which this one of the greatest of human needs—a harmonial home—must be provided for. A little over two months since, I was directed by a high circle of Spirits to commence the work. I was told that all was ready in the interior, but that the material, which can only be controlled by us in the form, must be provided by us.

As to the plan of association, I take this opportunity to answer all the various inquirers—that beside the Plan or Home Circle, as already given in the *synopsis* published in the *TELEGRAPH*. I would not presume to lay down, nor do I believe that any one mind should adopt, any rules or dicta for its regulation or government. Suffice it to say, that as soon as a sufficient number of Spiritualists are united—say twenty families, or double, triple or quadruple that number, as the case or circumstances will permit, let them form one Home Circle or more. It is suitable to all localities and to any modifications desired—and each circle, according to its standard of progression, and the congenialities from the interior, will be the best qualified to adopt such rules and regulations as may be deemed proper for itself.

Every intelligent Spiritualist, by reflecting on the above plan, will readily perceive that its brevity consists in its simplicity. It can be adopted by the lowest stage of progression as well as the highest. For example, take twenty families, in or near one of our large cities or towns, and let them be thoroughly enveloped in the circle of self-love and the every day pursuits of the almighty dollar, but let them agree to locate themselves together as suggested, and see how little change will it require to effect this, which change will immediately operate for the better to all. The present angular form of towns and squares will be reversed. The center of a town-square, as at present used, and which usually contains accumulations of filth detrimental to health, will be converted into pleasure grounds, circle associations, etc., etc.

Now, in this first step, it is not necessary that the twenty families should own any property in common beside the public building and pleasure ground. Let each one follow his own particular occupation as he may desire. One may be worth \$1000, another \$5000—in fact let them live as much within themselves in their own home as they like, but attend their daily or weekly meetings. Of course their congenial spiritual advisers will, like themselves, be of the circle of self-love. It would be beneficial for the circle to make wholesale purchases of the most of the necessities of life, for which they are at present compelled to submit to a tax of fifty or more per cent., for the benefit of retailing grocers, etc. Let them open a small warehouse or store of their own, and there will be felt immediately an improvement, and step by step, the examples of the more developed circles will gradually bring this circle of self-love to higher conditions, and so onward and upward.

Many of my correspondents are desirous to know from me which plan or plans I favor. Some wish me to declare myself about the Nichols plan; others wish to know my leaning as to others, etc. I must own I have no particular leaning—I am a well-wisher to all. They appear to me all as pilgrims to the same shrine. They can not journey in precisely the same paths; it is impossible, by the present state of rudimentary development. Time, the greatest decomposing agent of all errors, will eventually harmonize all the angularities, and by its slow but sure process, will lead the human family to a glorious unity. When this happy period for our terrestrial children will come (as come it will and must) we ourselves will be soaring in realms and celestial circles far beyond our present capacity even to comprehend; but we will entertain a consciousness, that we have in our day of terrestrial existence contributed our mite toward the accomplishment of the glorious result.

Fraternally yours,

A. M. DIGNOWITY, M.D.

## MIRACLES OF HEALING AND SPIRIT TESTS.

On a late tour through Carbondale, Binghampton, Owego, Elmira, Dundee, Pen Yan, Rochester, Albion, Lockport, Buffalo, Auburn, Ithica, and Candor, part of the time accompanied by John F. Coles and part by Dr. A. G. Fellows, the remarkable test and healing medium, many facts were elicited worthy of note.

Dr. R. Hewson and lady, of Dundee, through Mrs. Hewson, physical medium, were visited about three months since by a Spirit giving his name as William Adams, declaring that he had just been shot in the back and killed in Kansas, near the Mission. He said he knew E. Hoogland, Esq., son-in-law of Dr. Hewson, living at the Mission and writing in several official capacities. Two weeks after, Dr. H. received a letter from Mr. Hoogland, voluntarily stating as a matter of intelligence, that he had just arrested a German for shooting one William Adams, and all the details corresponded with what the Spirit had stated.

During the Crimean war, spirits frequently came representing themselves to the Doctor and his lady, as officers just fallen in battle, and gave their name—subsequent news confirming their statements.

Mr. F. French of Kentucky, a total stranger to Mrs. H., called on her, and the spirit of his wife made herself manifest by tests which immediately overcame all doubt.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris, visiting in Dundee, called; and Mr. Norris said if his father would appear and give his name, and the state in which

his body was buried, he would yield. The Spirit immediately spelt *Isahab N. Norris, Maryland*. It was correct. None in Dundee knew the facts but Mr. and Mrs. Norris.

Holding public meetings in Ithica with Dr. Fellows, Judge Wells was invited to the platform for a test examination. The Doctor gave an accurate delineation of his diseases, etc., and then informed the Judge that his sister and mother were present, gave the cause of their death and a minute description of their life and character; to all of which the Judge openly testified before the audience.

On the day following, the Doctor came in communication with the Spirit of a man who fell in the battle of Buena Vista, and who represented himself to be the friend of a gentleman who boarded with Dr. Matison, where we stopped. The gentleman recognized the Spirit, and declared that none but the Spirit himself could have told him what was told.

In Auburn Court House, Sunday evening, May 11th, an audience of five hundred or more, appointed a committee consisting of Sheriff Knapp and two other gentlemen, to select four strangers for the Doctor and myself to make test examinations of diseases, etc. In every case, the individuals examined testified to the accuracy of the delineations. In one case the Doctor told the subject that he had a fall many years before, and his hip was sprained. The gentleman owned the fact. I have known him to give scores of similar tests, in all of which cases he claims to receive the information from the Spirit-friends of the persons being examined.

In Candor, a Mrs. Corwin, a constant sufferer for five years, after receiving a test delineation through Dr. F. was passed through my hands and declared herself entirely relieved in three minutes.

Dr. H. R. Haven of Buffalo, confined for several days with consuming fever and pain, and almost abandoned by the profession, sent for the Doctor and myself, and the next morning Dr. F., after laboring under spirit-guidance for many hours, had Dr. H. up and dressed for breakfast.

I might cite more than a hundred cases of almost instantaneous cures effected through the wonderful mediumship of Dr. Fellows, in various towns in Western and Central New York; but as I have taken no pains in regard to keeping names or dates, and as the Doctor himself is wholly indifferent to fame, the apostolic works of humanity done through his agency must speak for themselves. U. C.

New York, June 2, 1856.

## AN INQUIRY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

MALDEN, MASS., May 26, 1856.

My object in writing to you is to ascertain if any of our friends in your city have had communications purporting to come from the spirit of Wm. H. Dennett. My wife is a trance medium, and (as is generally the case) commenced with tipping the table. One Sunday night, last fall, I asked her to sit up to the table and see what we could get. No sooner were her hands placed upon the table than a strange influence came over her, and she appeared very much affected. My spirit-sister had often manifested herself, and I supposed that it was she; but when asked the question the table responded "No." I called the alphabet and the word "William" was spelled out. Could it be possible thought we, that the medium's brother was dead, and that we were talking with his Spirit? We asked many questions and found that he died a few weeks before, of brain fever, after a short illness; that he died in New York city, and that he was unconscious during his illness—was carried to the hospital and there left the form. He has written through his wife, and once he wrote that he wished her to go to Redman's; she did so, but got nothing relative to his death. My sister has manifested herself through my wife, and we have often questioned her with regard to her brother, and she has always told us that he was there with her. All we or his parents know of him is that he left Boston some three years ago and some one saw him in your city; but how true that is we can not tell. Red Jacket says he is in the spirit-land, and thought I had better send you a line and see what I could learn. I wrote to you some time ago, but did not put on the letter the number, and I suppose you did not get it.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you or any of our friends in your city, can give us any information concerning him, we would be very thankful to you and them.

Yours with respect,

THOS. H. FERRIS.

We are unable to answer the questions of our correspondent, but lay them before our readers in the hope that they may meet the eye of some one who can furnish the desired information.—*Ed.*

## SPIRIT APOSTROPHE TO TRUTH.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, April 17, 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

At a circle held in this city one evening a month or more since, one of our mediums, Mr. Hooker, became entranced and with a deep sonorous voice, uttered in the most touching manner the following few lines:

O Truth, benignant majesty! high on thy throne thou sittest, beautiful and exalted, above the earth, and on it. Your gates lead to the temple of happiness. White with dewy brightness that reflects light, purity and peace to the soul, heaven is opening through thy broad vista of exceeding beauty. It points out the path to the soul's heaven. Art thou weary, it whispers rest; art thou sorrowing, eternal joy; art thou friendless, the Spirits that are good shall be thy companions, and the Ruler of the universe thy Friend and Father.

Yours, etc.,

W. A. B.



## Interesting Miscellany.

## JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

W. H. C. ROSE.

His restless heart is still'd;  
Ere finished, his great task of silence gone;  
A bright, ethereal spirit is withdrawn,  
A void is left unfilled.

A worshiper of truth,  
On his proud, rising star I fixed my gaze,  
But death has darkened its meridian blaze—  
I loved him from my youth.

No circumscribing bounds  
Cribbed in his airy fancy in its flight;  
His ear is listening in a realm of light  
To soft Aeolian sounds.

A woe of song he wove  
That will not perish with the rolling years;  
Think of his sweet "Deserted Wife" with tears,  
His wondrous "Coral Grove!"

A noble bard is dead;  
Apollo calls in vain on him to rise,  
Forever curtain'd are his glorious eyes,  
His manly form is fled.

## THE WILD MAN SEEN AGAIN.

A correspondent of the *Caddo Gazette*, writing under date of the 28th ult., from Paragana, Arkansas, on Upper Red River, states that the cold during the present winter has been in that region the severest within the memory of man. The rivers were frozen solid, the plains presented an unbroken sheet of snow. The writer relates the following story of an attempt to capture the famous wild man, who has been so often encountered on the borders of Arkansas and northern Louisiana.

"In my travels I met a party from your country in pursuit of a wild man. They had struck his trail at a cane brake bordering on Brant Lake and the Sun Flower prairie. I learned from one of the party that the dogs ran him to an arm of the lake which was frozen, but not sufficiently strong to bear his weight; which consequently gave way. He had however crossed, and the dogs were at fault.

"One of the party, who was mounted on a fleet horse, coming up, encouraged the dogs to pursue, but found it impossible to cross with his horse, and concluded to follow the lake round until he could ascertain the direction taken by this monster of the forest. On reaching the opposite side of the bend, he was surprised to see something in the lake like a man breaking the ice with his arms, and hastened under cover of the undergrowth to the spot where he expected him to come out. He concealed himself near the place, when he had a full view of him, until he reached the shore, where he came out and shook himself. He represents him as a stout athletic man, about six feet four inches in height covered with hair of a brownish cast about four to six inches long. He was well muscled, and ran up the bank with the swiftness of a deer.

"He says he could have killed him with his gun, but the object of the party being to take him alive, and hearing the horns of his comrades and howling of the dogs on the opposite bank of the lake, he concluded to ride up and head him, so as to bring him to bay and then secure their prize. So soon, however, as the wild man saw the horse and rider, he rushed frantically toward them, and in an instant dragged the hunter to the ground and tore him in a most dreadful manner, scratching out one of his eyes and injuring the other so much that his comrades despaired of the recovery of his sight, and biting large pieces out of his shoulders and various parts of his body. The monster then tore off the saddle and bridle from the horse and destroyed them, and holding the horse by the mane, broke a short piece of sapling, and mounting the animal, started at full speed across the plains for the mountains, guiding him with his club. The person left with the wounded man having been joined by a band of friendly Indians, thought if they could find a place in the mountains not covered with snow, or a cañon in the vicinity to find their horses they might overtake him in a day or two."

**ANECDOTE OF DR. BEECHER.**—Rev. Lyman Beecher, some years since was going home one night with an encyclopaedia under his arm, when he saw a small animal standing in his path. The Doctor knew that it was a skunk, but very imprudently turned the book at him. The skunk, as might be expected, returned the Doctor an equivalent, so that when the Doctor reached home his friends could scarcely come near him, and his clothes were so infected that he was obliged to bury them. Sometime after this, some one published a pamphlet, speaking very adversely of the worthy Doctor. "Why don't you publish a book and put him down at once?" said a friend to him. He replied, "Sir, I have learned better; some years ago I issued a whole quarto against a skunk, and I got the worst of it."

**A Clay Wheel.**—M. Roby, of Paris, has a machine made entirely of clay. All the works, plates, cups, and wheels are made of aluminous; and M. Roby believes that it is much better for these purposes than the metals generally employed. It is much lighter, does not require so much power to conduct the wheels, and, therefore, with a heavy balance, will obtain a better result for regularity. It is very hard and smooth when hammered.

## THE TREE OF GOD.

The excellent Polycarp, bishop of Smyrna, was obliged to quit the city in consequence of the increasing persecutions; he went with his faithful disciple Creonius to the region near Smyrna.

And in the cool of the evening the bishop was walking under the shade of the magnificence of trees which stood in front of his rural abode. Here he found Creonius sitting under an oak tree, leaning his head on his hand, and weeping. Then the old man said: "My son, why weepst thou?" Creonius lifted up his head, and said: "Shall I not mourn and weep, when I think of the kingdom of Truth on earth? Tempests and storms are gathering round, and will destroy it in its beginning. Many of its adherents have become apostates, and have denied and abused the truth, proving that unworthy men may confuse it with their lies, though their hearts be far from it. This fills my soul with sorrow, and my eyes with tears." Thus replied Creonius.

Then Polycarp smiled, and answered: "My dear son, the kingdom of divine truth is like unto a tree that a countryman reared in his garden. He set the seed secretly and quietly in the ground, and let it; the seed put forth leaves, and the young tree grew up among weeds and thorns. Soon the tree reared itself above them, and the weeds died, because the shadow of the branches overcame them. The tree grew, and the winds blew on it and shook it; but its roots clung firmer and firmer to the ground, taking hold of the rocks downward, and its branches reached unto heaven. Thus the tempest served to increase the firmness and strength of the tree. When it grew up higher, and its shadow spread farther, then the thorns and the weeds grew again around the tree; but it headed them not in its loftiness; there it stood in calm, peaceful grandeur—a tree of God!"

Thus said the excellent bishop; then, stretching out his hand to his disciple, he continued, smiling: "When thou art lifting up thy eyes to the summit of the tree, wilt thou regard the weeds that cling about its roots? Trust in Him who planted it!"

Then Creonius arose, and his heart was gladdened; for the venerable father walked by his side. Bent was he with years; but his spirit and his countenance were as those of a youth.—*Krumpholtz.*

**AN INDIAN DREAM.**—At the recent anniversary of the American Congregational Union in New York, the subject of building churches in Kansas being under consideration, the Rev. Richard Knight of that territory related the following anecdote: The Conference of the Methodist Church South, which met at a place near the borders of Kansas some time ago, literally flooded the Territory with ministers of that denomination. He was happy to say, however, that the greater part of them had retired; the people had enough of that kind of Gospel already. They were aware doubtless of the character of one man, Johnson, who had been there for a number of years a missionary among the Shawnee Indians, and whose influence has brought the Gospel and Christianity into disrepute. He was a slaveholder and his associate was a slaveholder. He (the Rev. gentleman) would relate in this connection a circumstance which, while illustrating the fact to which he had adverted, would also show the mode of Indian thinking. At a quarterly meeting held a short time ago at the Shawnee Mission, this Mr. Johnson requested one of the Indians, a good man, to speak. He refused for a considerable time, but was finally prevailed on to do so. Indeed he had objected for a considerable time to speak whenever Mr. Johnson was present, so bad an opinion had he, and all the better class of Indians, of Johnson. When he got up, however, he said he felt considerable reluctance to say anything in consequence of a dream he had had which had greatly troubled his mind. He had dreamt, or thought he dreamt, that he died and had gone to Hell. After he had been in those doleful regions some little time, Mr. Johnson, their Missionary, entered; and the moment he entered, his Satanic Majesty immediately twisted off his tail, which he (the speaker) supposed was his scepter of supremacy, and handed it to Johnson. "Now Johnson," said he, "you take this; I am no longer master here."—*Exchange.*

**AN INDIAN SUPERSTITION.**—Among the numerous lakes which, in the western States of the Union, pay the tribute of their waters to the great Lake Ontario, that of Saratoga is principally remarkable for the beauty of the surrounding landscape and for the calm which reigns around it, ever undisturbed by winds and storms. This perpetual quietude of the beautiful locality has given rise to a superstitious belief among the Indians. They say that the Great Spirit, who dwells here, wishes not the slightest noise to ruffle the tranquillity of his retreat, and will punish the rashness of the one who, in crossing the lake, should utter a single word; the boat which should bear him they believe would be instantly sunk. Some time since an English lady embarked on Lake Saratoga, in a canoe manned by Indians, who did not fail, before starting, to give her to understand that if she desired to avoid exposing herself to certain death, she would have to observe profound silence until the other side should be reached. They started; the day was delightfully calm, not a breath of air was stirring, and the canoe glided as noiselessly as a shadow over the scarcely rippled waters. About a mile from shore, the lady, wishing to convince the Indians of the folly of their superstition, uttered as loud a cry as she was able. Terror seized the Indians, their countenances were marked with the strongest lines—they fully expected to perish instantaneously. Nevertheless, they plied their oars with mechanical energy in silence, and the opposite shore was reached almost with the rapidity of an arrow. This reached, the fair *Anglaise* began to banter the Indian chief on his credulity. He, with a haughty and disdainful air, however, retorted, "Madam! the Great Spirit is indulgent and compassionate; he knows that a white woman can not hold her tongue!"

The glory and happiness of a city consist not in the number, but the character, of its population.

**TALKING AND READING.**—Nothing is better than conversation as a corrective of self-sufficiency. In educated conversation a man soon finds his level. He learns more truly than from books in converse with living men, to estimate his powers modestly and justly. A book is passive; it does not repel pretensions; it does not rebuke vanity. Indeed reading and study become to many but the nature of conceit. If some persons value themselves on the books they own, it is not surprising that others should value themselves on the books they read.

**UNION AND INTERDEPENDENCE.**—"We must be unanimous," observed Hancock, on the occasion of signing the American Declaration of Independence; "there must be no pulling different ways—we must all hang together." "Yes," added Franklin, "we must all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."

## MISS HARDINGE'S MUSICAL ACADEMY.

It will be perceived from the foregoing proposals and accompanying statement of terms, that *Mrs. Emma Hardinge* is about to establish, at 553 Broadway, in this city, a Musical Academy, where those who are intending to pursue the study and practice of Music, may be provided with all the facilities necessary to a scientific and artistic education. We have not hitherto enjoyed the pleasure of a familiar personal acquaintance with Miss Hardinge, but after two or three brief private interviews, and a perusal of several of her contributions to the public Press, we feel assured that she is a lady of superior intelligence, and endowed with many noble and generous attributes and qualities of mind and heart.

Miss Hardinge acquired her musical education in Europe, where, as we learn, she held a professorship in a highly respectable institution. The lady has our earnest wishes for her success in the enterprise she has chosen; and we hope that those of our readers who may desire to avail themselves of such advantages as are offered by Miss Hardinge, will call at her Academy, and make themselves acquainted with her claims and qualifications, before applying for admission and instruction elsewhere.—*Ed.*

This Academy will open June 30, 1856, under the direction of Miss Emma Hardinge.

The object of the Institution is the promotion and cultivation of Spiritual and Classical Music of the highest order.

Instruction will be given in solo singing, concerted singing, piano forte playing, harmony composition, and elocution.

In order to render the benefits of the Academy attainable to all classes, the Principal has decided upon the following scale of Terms:

First Class—Harmony and Composition.....	\$18 per Term.
Second Class—Solo Singing in the best Italian method.....	20 "
Third Class—Classical Piano Forte playing.....	20 "
Fourth Class—Elementary Instruction in Singing or Music.....	25 "
Fifth Class—Concerted Music, Organ, Chorus, Part Singing, etc.....	25 "
For two Students subscribing to the fifth class together.....	35 "

The Principal earnestly desires to direct attention to the latter class, which will meet two evenings each week for the study of every kind of concerted music, from simple Glee to Oratorios. The design in forming this class is to establish an harmonious and accomplished musical association where the highest purposes of the art may be developed. Every possible assistance will be rendered to its members—instruction in sight singing given, and vocalists of all capacities admitted.

A semi-public exhibition of the Students will be given every fourth Saturday.

Each Term will consist of eleven weeks, to commence from the day of entry. All payments to be made in advance.

Elocution taught in class at..... \$20 per Term.  
Private lessons at..... 25 per course of twelve lessons.

The Principal will be ready to receive applications at the Academy every day from 11 A. M. till 1 P. M.

**THOUGHTS: A Lamp in the Carver of Evil.** By Catus, Junior. Boston: Westworth & Co. 1856.

Much of the merit which this book possesses is obscured by a quaint, pedantic and affected style, which soon becomes a weariness to the reader. It has a good deal of Carlyle's offensive oddities of expression, with but little of Carlyle's strength and dignity to redeem those oddities from contempt. Still it bears marks of considerable talent, and, what is even better than talent, a good purpose—"To vindicate the ways of God to man." If the writer will take the trouble to rid himself of his fantastic verbal tricks, and write his thoughts in straightforward, intelligible English, he may command a degree of attention, and confer an amount of pleasure and instruction which his present work can neither command nor confer. For sale by Higgins & Kellogg.

## PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Lectures by the Editor.

The Editor of this paper will lecture next Saturday evening (14th inst.) at South Manchester, Conn., in Hartford on the Sunday following (15th) and at New London on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week, 16th, 17th and 18th.

Lecturing Hall, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. U. Clark, accompanied by Dr. A. G. Fellows, will address the spiritual meeting at Lamartine Hall, corner Eighth Avenue and Twenty-ninth street, next Sunday, at half-past 2 P. M.

Lectures in Newark.

WILLIAM FARRINGTON will lecture to the Spiritualists in Central Hall 340 Broad-street, Newark, next Sunday, at the usual hour.

Southold, L. I.

Dr. R. T. HALLOR of this city will lecture at Southold, L. I., on Sunday next, 15th inst.